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NARRATIVE

OF ALL THE

PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES

WHICH TOOK PLACE DURING

THE LAST TWO YEARS

OF THE REIGN OF

BUONAPARTE:

GIVING A VIEW OF

EVERY TRANSACTION OF IMPORTANCE,

FROM THE

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TILL THE

ENTRANCE OF THE ALLIES INTO PARIS,

Including circumstantial Details of the Battle of Leipsic, &c.

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TILL THE

Dethronement of Bonaparte.

WHEN Bonaparte invaded Russia in 1812, he entered that country with an army which, in point of numbers, exceeded any ever brought into the fields of modern Europe. From the Returns of this army, which were left behind at Moscow, in the hurry of the retreat, and which afterwards fell into the hands of Mr. Rowan, British Banker in that city, whose house the French had occupied while there, as the *Chancellerie de l'Etat Major*, it appears that, at the commencement of the campaign, its total of Infantry amounted to 561,000

Cavalry, including Artillery, Engineers, Commissariat, persons in the suite of Bonaparte, Medical Staff, &c. 55,000

General Total of the French Grand Army, ... 616,000

Every corps of the grand army had with it a park of light artillery of reserve, amounting to 166 pieces, and 528 ammunition waggons. Each division of infantry had 16 pieces of artillery, each regiment having eight. The total of the artillery, with the regiments of the line, was 789 pieces, and of the ammunition waggons 1568. The Imperial Guard alone had 100 pieces of cannon. The whole artillery of the army amounted to 1194 pieces, with 2768 ammunition waggons or caissons. The army consisted of eleven corps, commanded by Marshals Berthier, Davoust, Ney, Augereau, Victor, Bessieres, Oudinot, Macdonald, Moncey, Mortier, and Lefebvre. There were 49 divisions, and 98 regiments of the line, exclusive of the Guards.

It is painful to the feelings of humanity to know, that nearly the whole of the unfortunate men that composed this vast army, either perished from the effects of the dreadful Russian winter, famine, and the sword, or were made captives, and sent off to the cheerless regions of Siberia. So great was the number that perished during the retreat from Moscow, that it was found impossible to bury them; for the ground was frozen so firmly, and to such a depth, that it would have been a work of immense labour, and would have occupied more time than the pursuing army could possibly devote to such an object. The bodies of these unhappy victims to tyrannical ambition were therefore left upon the roads and in the fields where they had fallen, food for the savage animals of the forest, until the rigours of the winter had somewhat abated, and the wretched remnant of the once vaunting and powerful French army, by finding a momentary shelter on the Prussian territory, gave a short respite to the horrors of this unparalleled campaign.

As the spring was fast advancing, and the warmth of returning summer had already began to penetrate the bosom of the frozen soil, it became necessary to cause an immediate removal of the numberless dead bodies which every where presented themselves to the eye, and called forth the strongest emotions of pity and of horror from the mind. The Russian Government, therefore, dreading the effects which were likely to arise from the vast mass of putrefaction that overspread the country, issued orders that the bodies should be collected and burned. Kilns were accordingly erected, and the whole road from Smolensk to Moscow smoked with the burning remains of human nature!

The occurrences which took place on the re-opening of the campaign are well known to the world. The French people, still obedient to the insatiable Tyrant who governed them, permitted him once more to exact from them an enormous blood tribute, which enabled him again to take the field with an army superior in numbers to that of the now united Russians and Prussians. After a few partial rencounters, a general and most sanguinary battle took place betwixt the contending armies. It was fought on the 2d of May, 1813, at Lutzen, a town of Upper Saxony, and each side claimed the victory. The Allies remained masters of the field, but were subsequently obliged to retire to the Elbe. Bonaparte, being much weakened by his loss in this and three other battles, which took place on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of the same month, in the neighbourhood of Bautzen, contrived to *bring about an armistice*, which was concluded on the 4th

of June, and was to continue in force for six weeks. During this interval, the Emperor of Germany, anxious to prevent the further effusion of human blood, and desirous, if possible, to bring this long and desolating contest to an issue, by a pacific arrangement, sufficiently compatible with the interests of Europe, offered himself as a mediator on the occasion, and the basis of the terms of peace was submitted to Bonaparte.

The Tyrant was not yet sufficiently humbled to listen to reason. Still in possession of a powerful army, he seemed to hold his adversaries at defiance, and treated them with his accustomed haughtiness. Obstacles were thrown in the way of a negociation. Bonaparte would suffer no diminution of his gigantic power; and nothing short of absolute ascendancy could satisfy the ambitious Corsican. The term of the armistice expired, and hostilities commenced on the 17th of August, Austria joining the Allies in the grand cause.

It has long been a settled maxim in political morality, that integrity is the surest strength of nations; and the experience of the world has established a truth of equal importance, that the chains which are fabricated by tyranny seldom endure longer than while the force which imposed them itself exists. But so many cross accidents and unlooked for contingencies occur in human affairs, so many tributes are paid to successful guilt, so many triumphs take place of might over right, of cunning over honesty, that the heart at times is apt to give way to despondency, at least in so far as to doubt, whether the true wisdom of virtue is generally proved except in a purer sphere than this, or the folly and misery of vice demonstrated, until the curtain has finally dropt upon its work of evil. The events of the last twenty years are a frightful commentary upon these positions. A system of iniquity, founded on the prostration of every just and honourable principle, nurtured and matured by falshood, fraud, and cruelty, and weaving its baneful meshes around the bodies and souls of men, has triumphed in the heart of Europe during the greater part of the existence of the present generation; so that the ways of Providence have been shrouded by a thick cloud of pestilential darkness, and the very ideas of peace, liberty, and happiness, have been attained only through the history of nations which once possessed them. The effects of this portentous moral phenomemon have been deeply pernicious. The heart and the intellect received an involuntary taint from the pollution that enveloped them; and, in the mental twilight which arose from the eclipse of both, the forms of every surrounding object were obscured and distorted. That salutary indignation

which springs up in the soul at the sight of power iniquitously obtained, or tyrannically exercised, was palsied by the frequency of its unchecked recurrence, or stifled by the dread of the powerful aggressor; men ceased to think of glory and honour, hoping and wishing only for quiet permission to breathe; force threatened to become the measure of political rectitude, and the glow of liberty and boldness of independence dwindled into puny caution or unworthy compromise. Such, until very lately, was the aspect of the world; and every year added to its darkness and gloom. The uncombined and disjointed opposition successively made by the enemies of France—all of them as much at variance with each other as with the foe of all—served only to confirm and extend the power of the general oppressor, who trampled, in easy succession, upon the mis-timed and mis-directed efforts made against him. At length, a daughter of the imperial house of Hapsburgh gave an heir to Bonaparte, Prussia was beaten down to the earth, Russia was in compulsory hostility with this country, the Confederation of the Rhine was confirmed, Sweden had received her actual sovereign from the mandate of France, Denmark withheld under the recollection of the bombardment of Copenhagen, and Spain, feeble, jarring, and to appearance exhausted, had seen the flower of her own armies defeated and dispersed, and that of her ally compelled to leave her shores, with the loss of its brave but most unfortunate leader. These causes of triumph for the oppressor, and despair for the human race, either co-existed, or so nearly co-existed, that their effects were precisely the same as if they had all pressed upon mankind at once. Britain, alone, bared her arm for the contest, and never for a moment was either dismayed or deceived. The first link which the arrogant ambition of Bonaparte struck from the chain of his alliances, was the gigantic strength of Russia. With that scornful defiance of danger and difficulty, that proud reliance on his fortune, which so long supplied to him the place of a good angel and a righteous cause, Bonaparte led the armies of France beyond the Volga. He calculated upon the same rapidity of victory which had attended him elsewhere, and doubted not that the same blind terror and hurried submission would follow his success. But he was deceived in the character of the Russian Government and of its Sovereign. In place of the pusillanimity he expected to find exhibited by a government which he was pleased to term semi-barbarous, he found firmness and fortitude, sagacity and perseverance. The hardy Russian was neither to be dispirited by reverses nor wearied by toils. It is his character to suffer long and to suffer pa-

tiently. Without the fiery impetuosity of the French, or the sustained enthusiasm of the British temperament, he is inferior to neither in the rugged defiance of danger, and superior to both in the endurance af the physical hardships of climate and want. Bonaparte had never calculated upon these species of strength, or upon the stubbornness of the resistance to which it would lead. He cannot be said to have made any rational calculation whatever, but, with preposterous rashness, had shut his eyes and ears against every thing but victory, instant and decisive. No provision had been made for temporary disaster, far less for permanent defeat and retreat; and the consequences of the Russian system of hostilities were precisely such as might have been expected. Whether the burning of Moscow is to be ascribed to the mistaken policy or fury of the French, or to the sublime devotedness of the Russians, continues still a matter of doubt, both parties disclaiming the act; but the effects of that measure decided the fate of the campaign and of the French army. Without any adequate provision for retreat, Bonaparte was compelled to retreat through a climate which he well denominated frightful, and pursued and intercepted by a victorious, exasperated, and unwearyable enemy. The conduct of the Emperor Alexander, during the whole of this sanguinary contest, was distinguished equally by fortitude, humanity, and good sense. The moment the progress of his military successes rendered it necessary for him to carry his victorious troops across the Prussian frontier, he addressed that kingdom, then in alliance with France, in that tone of moderation which it is delightful to trace throughout every one of his public declarations, and upon which the wisdom and forbearance of his conduct on all occasions furnish the noblest commentary. "It is beneath his character," he says, "to permit any endeavour to be made to induce the people to resist the oppression, and to throw off the yoke which has weighed them down for twenty years. It is their government whose eyes ought to be opened by the actual situation of France. Ages may elapse before an opportunity equally favourable again presents itself; and it would be an abuse of the goodness of Providence not to take an advantage of this crisis, to reconstruct the great work of the equilibrium of Europe, and thereby to ensure public tranquillity and individual happiness."

Although Bonaparte, by dint of unexampled activity, was enabled to take the field early in April, with a force hardly inferior to that which had perished amid the snows of Russia, yet his invincibility was dissolved. He had now exhibited proofs of rashness, improvidence and folly, not only incom-

patible with his former fame, but sinking far below the ordinary standard of human infirmity and error; and the tone assumed upon the Continent began to give proof of an impression, that the fortunes of the French Ruler were altered, if not fallen. On the other hand, Russia had ascended precisely in the same proportion that France had sunk; and the confederacy of that power, of Great Britain and Sweden, now presented a point of union to all neighbouring states, which was not overlooked. Prussia first led the way. The admirable Declaration, by which Austria explained and vindicated the decisive measure of her junction with the Allies, was hardly less important to the success of the great cause, than the accession of strength which it derived from her armies. Wholly free from sophistry and diplomatic cant, its facts are perspicuous, its reasoning masterly, and its tone, at once dispassionate and decided, exhibits precisely that spirit which we wish to see animating so illustrious a member of the European Commonwealth. The individual whom, in an evil hour, he raised to the rank of his son-in-law, is treated with the external forms of decency and respect; but the lash is not the lighter that is made of silk. His personal crimes—his murders, his imprisonings, his falshoods—these are passed over, because the Emperor of Austria owed respect to himself: but the picture of his arrogance and ambition, his usurpations and bad faith as a sovereign, is drawn in the deepest and darkest colours, and yet with a soberness of tint which impresses the strongest conviction of the truth of the likeness. With a spirit worthy of this manifesto, the Emperor of Austria brought forward his mighty means. The termination of the Armistice was further distinguished by the active co-operation of the Crown Prince of Sweden, whose good faith was now most gloriously established, and whose military skill and excellent army added importantly to the strength of the confederacy. At this time, also, the illustrious but unfortunate Moreau arrived from America. He left his retirement to resume his proper rank among mankind, and brought his splendid talents to the support of freedom and Europe.

Shortly after the rupture of the Armistice, Bonaparte was compelled to retire into Dresden, which he had strongly fortified, with almost the whole of his army. Here the Allies resolved to attack him; and, on the 26th of August, the united Russian, Prussian, and Austrian army made a bold effort to carry the city by storm, but it proved too strong, and they were necessitated to give up the enterprize. The Allies, however, did not retire, and next morning, the 27th, the French army came out and attacked them, when a desperate

engagement took place, the result of which was, that the Allies were compelled to retreat, but which they did in the best order, merely observed by the French cavalry.

It was here that the brave and ever to be lamented Moreau was mortally wounded. A shot from a French battery carried off both his legs. He survived only a few days, and was in the act of dictating a letter to the Emperor of Russia, expressing his gratitude for the many favours he had received from his Majesty, when the hand of death reached him, and he closed his eyes for ever without a groan, deeply lamented by the whole army, and particularly by the Emperor of Russia, who derived the most powerful assistance from the talents of this great man.

From this period the affairs of the Allies went on most prosperously. The gallant Prussian General Blucher completely defeated the enemy in Silesia, in several engagements. At the battle of Katzbach the Prussian army "covered itself with glory;" and these brave soldiers, in a short time, drove the French completely out of the beautiful country of Silesia. The astonishing old veteran Blucher, who is nearly eighty, in performing this important service, took 18,000 prisoners, 103 pieces of cannon, and an immense quantity of baggage, ammunition waggons, &c. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is represented to have been very great.

On the 30th of August, the corps of General Vandamme, notorious for his crimes, were totally defeated and destroyed in Bohemia. Vandamme himself was wounded and made prisoner. General Haro, Aide-de-Camp of Bonaparte, Generals Gingot and Heimbrodt, and Prince Reuss, were also wounded. A great quantity of artillery and ammunition waggons, and several thousand prisoners, were taken. The remainder of the corps, which was 30,000 strong, were either killed or destroyed. This great result was brought about by the enemy having been attacked on all sides with great vigour, and the most unparalleled gallantry displayed by the allied troops. The ability of General Kleist, and the heroic conduct of Count Osterman, contributed in a great degree to this complete victory.

The Prussian and Swedish army, commanded by the Crown Prince, was opposed to the French army under Marshal Ney, 70,000 strong, which menaced Berlin. Several engagements took place betwixt these armies, in which the Crown Prince was always successful. On the 6th of September, a severe battle was fought near Donnewitz, the result of which was, that Ney was defeated, with the loss of 16 to 18,000 prisoners, 60 pieces of cannon, some hundreds of am-

munition waggons, &c. and compelled to retreat. After this Ney made no attempt to advance, and the Crown Prince crossed the Elbe with his army.

The unfortunate city of Hamburgh was occupied by the French under Davoust, who fortified it in the strongest manner, a division of the Allies keeping it in a state of blockade. Every species of oppression and barbarity were exercised upon the wretched inhabitants by the ruffian who had them in his power.

Bonaparte yet remained at Dresden, with the main body of his army, and the Allies were gradually drawing a kind of circle round him. The gigantic mass of strength brought into combination in the great cause, was increased by the defection of Bavaria from the French interest, which at once freed a large Austrian army of observation for active operations, and interposed an untouched force of 30,000 men to aggravate the difficulties of that retreat which now became daily more certain.

The situation of the French at Dresden bore a strong resemblance to that in which they were placed at Moscow. Bonaparte seemed quite perplexed; he knew not what plan to adopt in order to extricate himself from the difficulties which surrounded him, and which were hourly increasing. His communication with France was totally destroyed, his army in considerable distress, his magazines nearly exhausted, and the country in which he was, utterly without the means of replenishing them. Thus circumstanced, he at length found himself under the mortifying necessity of retracing his steps to the Rhine, by endeavouring to force his way through the ring with which the Allies had encompassed him.

On the 7th of October, Bonaparte quitted Dresden, leaving a garrison of a few thousand men in it, and the whole sick and wounded of his army. The King of Saxony and his family accompanied him. The French army was principally assembled at Rochlitz, and soon after moved forward. On the ever-memorable days of the 16th and 18th of October, the decisive conflict took place, near Leipsic, in which upwards of 500,000 men were engaged on both sides. The defeat of the French was complete; and the sun which rose upon Bonaparte on the morning of the 18th of October, the yet untamed leader of an immense and powerful army, saw him at its setting a broken and defeated fugitive.

As the world has cause to rejoice in the downfal of the Tyrant, the awful Battle of Leipsic, where he received his *death* blow, should ever be remembered with gratitude to *Providence*, whose "finger was evidently there," and with

veneration for the memory of the many brave men who, on that glorious occasion, contributed with their blood to the emancipation of Europe. In order to assist in preserving the very clear details of that memorable event, which were drawn up by Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Stewart, who was present, and who distinguished himself on this as well as on many other great occasions, we shall here give them at length, as transmitted to Viscount Castlereagh:—

Skenditz, October 17, 1813.

My Lord—The glorious army of Silesia has added another victory to its list, and the brow of its veteran leader is decorated with fresh laurel.

Forty pieces of cannon, twelve thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners, one eagle, and many caissons, have been the fruits of the victory of Radefeld and Lindenthal.

To give your Lordship the clearest idea in my power of this battle, I must revert to the position of the armies of Silesia and the North of Germany on the 14th instant, when we received certain intelligence that the enemy was withdrawing from the right bank of the Elbe to collect in Leipsic. At this time the Prince Royal was at Cothen, and General Blucher at Halle. The former occupied with his advanced guards the left bank of the Mulda, and the latter Mareburg and Schenditz.

General Blucher moved his head-quarters, on the 14th, to Gross Kugel, pushing his advance on the great road to Leipsic, and occupying the villages on each side of it. The enemy was in force in his front, still holding Deblitsch and Bitterfeld, with some troops along the Mulda. The Crown Prince of Sweden issued orders to march upon Halle in the night of the 14th; but when his troops were in march, he took up his head-quarters at Sylbitz, and placed the Swedish army with its right at Wittin, and the left near the Petersberg.—General Bulow occupied the centre of his line between Petersberg and Oppin, and the corps of Winzingerode was on the left at Zorbig.

General Blucher found the enemy's forces, consisting of the 4th, 6th, and 7th corps of the French army, and great part of the Guard, under Marshals Marmont and Ney, and General Bertrand, occupying a line with their right at Freyroda, and their left at Lindenthal. The country is open, and very favourable for cavalry, around these latter villages; but the enemy was posted strong in front of a wood of some extent, near Radefeld, and behind it the ground is more inter-

sected; generally speaking, however, it is open, and adapted to all arms.

The disposition of attack of the Silesian army was as follows:—The corps of General Langeron was to attack and carry Freyroda, and then Radefeld, having the corps of General Sachen in reserve. The corps d'armee of Gen. D'Yorck was directed to move on the great road leading to Leipsic, until it reached the village of Sitzchera, when, turning to its left, it was to force the enemy at Lindenthal. The Russian guards and advanced guard, were to press on the main road to Leipsic.

The corps of General St. Priest, arriving from Merseberg, was to follow the corps of General Langeron. The formation of the cavalry, and the different reserves, was made on the open ground between the villages. It was nearly mid-day before the troops were at their stations.

The enemy, soon after the first onset, gave up the advanced villages, and retired some distance, but tenaciously held the woody ground on their right, and the villages of Gros and Klein Wetteriz, as also the villages of Mockern and Mokau, on their left. At Mockern a most bloody contest ensued; it was taken and retaken by the corps of Yorck five times. The musketry fire was most galling, and this was the hottest part of the field. Many of the superior officers were either killed or wounded. At length the victorious Silesians carried all before them, and drove the enemy beyond the Partha. In the plain there were many brilliant charges of cavalry. The Brandenburg regiment of hussars distinguished itself in a particular manner, and, supported by infantry, charged a battery of eight pieces, which they carried.

The enemy made an obstinate resistance also on their right, in the villages of Great and Little Weteritz and Ilchausen, and in the woody ground around them; and when they found we had forced their left, they brought an additional number of troops on Count Langeron, who was chiefly engaged with Marshal Ney's corps, which arrived from the neighbourhood of Duben. However, the Russians, equally with their brave allies in arms, made the most gallant efforts, and they were fully successful—night only put an end to the action. The Russian cavalry acted in a very brilliant manner. General Kolp's cavalry took a battery of 13 guns, and the Cossacs of General Emanuel, five. The enemy drew off towards Siegerita and Pfosen, and passed the Partha river. General Sachen's corps, who supported General Langeron, very much distinguished itself in the presence of Bonaparte, who it seems, *according to the information* of the prisoners, arrived from

the other part of his army at five o'clock in the afternoon. The corps of Gen. D'Yorck, which so conspicuously distinguished itself, had many of its most gallant leaders killed or wounded; among the latter are Colonels Heimmitz, Kutzler, Bouch, Hiller, Lowenthal, Laurentz, Majors Schon and Bismarck. The momentary loss of these officers is serious, as they nearly all commanded brigades, from the reduced state of General Officers in the Prussian army; and I have sincere regret in adding, that his Serene Highness the Prince of Mecklenberg Strelitz, who was distinguishing himself in a particular manner, having two horses shot under him, and whose gallant corps took five hundred prisoners and an eagle, received a severe, but, I trust, not a dangerous wound. Among the Russians, there are General Chinchin, and several officers of distinction, killed or wounded; and I average General Blucher's whole loss between six and seven thousand men *hors de combat*.

I can add little to the catalogue of the merits of this brave army in endeavouring feebly, but, I hope, faithfully, to detail its proceedings. Your Lordship will, I am persuaded, justly appreciate the enthusiasm and heroism by which its operations have been guided. It has fought twenty-one combats since hostilities re-commenced. Your Lordship is so well aware of the distinguished merits and very eminent services of General Gneisenau, that it is unnecessary for me on this fresh occasion to allude to them. I attached General Lowe to General Blucher in the field; and being absent in the early part of the day with the Prince Royal, it is due to this very deserving officer to inform your Lordship that I have derived every assistance from his reports.

My Aide-de-Camp, Captain During, an officer of merit, has unfortunately, I fear, fallen into the enemy's hands.

I shall now put your Lordship in possession, as far as I am able, of the military movements of the grand army up to the 16th, and the disposition for the attack, which was sent to the Prince Royal of Sweden and General Blucher, by Prince Schwartzenburg, and which was to be made this day.—The corps of Gen. Guilay, Prince Maurice Lichtenstein, Theileman and Platoff, were collected in the neighbourhood of Markrasted, and were to move forward on Leipsic; keeping up the communication on one side with General Blucher's army, on the other these corps were to detach to their right, to facilitate the attack of the corps of General Mereveldt, and the divisions Bianchi Weissenworf, on Zwackau and Connewitz, at which latter place the bridge across the Pleisse was to be carried. General Nostiltz's cavalry were to form on

their right. In case of retreat, these corps were to retire towards Zeitz. The reserves of the Russian and Prussian Guards were to move on Rotha, where they were to pass the Pleisse, and form in columns on its right bank. The reserves of the Prince of Hesse Homberg, Generals Meraveldt and Wittgenstein, were also to take post at this station.—General Barclay de Tolly to command all the columns on the right bank of the Pleisse; Generals Wittgenstein, Kleist, and Kleinau, were to advance from their respective positions on Leipsic, the Russian Guards forming their reserve. General Colloredo advanced from Borne, as reserve to General Kleinau. The retreat of these corps was to be on Chemnitz: Generals Wittgenstein, Kleist, and Kleinau's, on Altenberg and Penig. The army of General Bennigsen, from Coldlitz, was to push on Grimma and Wutzen. The corps of Count Bubna had been relieved before Leipsic by Gen. Tolstoy.

A very heavy firing continued all the day of the 16th from the grand army. A report arrived late at night to General Blucher, that Bonaparte had attacked in person the whole line of the Allies, and forming his cavalry in the centre, succeeded in making an opening in the grand army before all its cavalry could come up; he was, however, not able to profit by it, as it appears he retired in the evening, and the Allies occupied their position as before the attack. Of the details of the above I am as yet wholly ignorant. On the 17th, all were ready to renew the attack on this side. The Prince Royal, who had his head-quarters at Landsberg, and his army behind it, marched at two o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Brittenfeldt, with Generals Winzingerode and Bulow's corps, towards mid-day, on Bulow's left. Winzingerode's cavalry and artillery had moved forward in the night, near the heights of Faucha. No cannonade being heard on this side of the grand army, (although General Blucher's corps was under arms,) and as it was also understood General Bennigsen could not arrive until this day at Grimma, and part of the Prince Royal's army being still in the rear, it was deemed expedient to wait till the following day to renew the general attack. The enemy shewed himself in great force, in a good position, on the left of the Partha, on a ridge of some extent, which runs parallel to the river. There was some cannonading in the morning, and the enemy made demonstrations, and the hussars of Mecklenberg charged his advanced parties into the suburbs of Leipsic, and took three cannon and some prisoners.

The state of our affairs is such, that the most sanguine expectations may be justly entertained, under the protection of

Divine Providence, which has hitherto so conspicuously favoured us in the glorious cause in which we are engaged.

I am, &c. (Signed) CHARLES STEWART.

Leipsic, October 19, 1813.

My Lord—Europe at length approaches her deliverance, and Britain may triumphantly look forward to reap, in conjunction with her Allies, that glory her unexampled and steady efforts in the common cause so justly entitle her to receive. I wish it had fallen to the lot of an abler pen to detail to your Lordship the splendid events of these two last days; but in endeavouring to relate the main facts, to send them off without a moment's delay, I shall best do my duty, postponing more detailed accounts until a fresh opportunity.

The victory of General Blucher upon the 16th has been followed on the 18th by that of the whole of the combined forces over the army of Bonaparte, in the neighbourhood of Leipsic. The collective loss of above 100 pieces of cannon, 60,000 men, an immense number of prisoners, the desertion of the whole of the Saxon army, as also of the Bavarian and Wurtemberg troops, consisting of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, and many Generals, are some of the first fruits of this glorious day. The capture, by assault, of the town of Leipsic, this morning, the magazines, artillery, stores of the place, with the King of Saxony, all his Court, the garrison, and rear-guard of the French army, all the enemy's wounded, the number of which exceed 30,000; the narrow escape of Bonaparte, who fled from Leipsic at nine o'clock, the Allies entering at eleven; the complete route of the French army, who are endeavouring to escape in all directions, and who are still surrounded, are the next subjects of exultation. The further result your Lordship can best arrive at from an account of our military position. It will be my endeavour to give you as succinct and clear an account as I am able, first, of the general and combined operations determined on by the grand army; and, secondly, to describe what immediately came under my own observation, namely, the movements of the Prince Royal and General Blucher. My dispatches, up till the 17th, have detailed the position of the Allies up to that date. It being announced by Prince Schwartzenberg that it was the intention of their Majesties, the Allied Sovereigns, to renew the attack on the 18th, and the armies of the North and Silesia being directed to co-operate, the following general disposition was made:—

I must here observe, that the attack on the 16th, by the

grand army, occurred in the vicinity of Liebert Wolkowitz. The country being particularly adapted for cavalry, a very sanguinary combat ensued here, and an artillery, exceeding in number 600 pieces, between the opposed armies. Two solitary buildings, which the enemy had occupied with several battalions of infantry, and which formed nearly the centre of his position, were attacked by the Russian infantry, and, after several repulses, carried with amazing carnage!

The whole of the enemy's cavalry, under Murat, was then brought forward: they made a very desperate push at the centre of the allied position, which for a short period they succeeded in forcing. To oppose this powerful cavalry, six regiments of Austrian cuirassiers charged in columns. Nothing could exceed either the skill or the desperate bravery of this movement: they overthrew all before them, destroying whole regiments, and returned to their ground with many prisoners, leaving 700 dragoons within the enemy's line. Many officers were killed or wounded. Gen. Latour Maubourg, who commanded the enemy's cavalry, under Murat, lost his leg. Both armies remained nearly on the ground on which the contest commenced.

While the grand army was to commence their attack on the morning of the 18th, from their different points of assembly, on the principal villages situated on the great roads leading to Leipsic, the armies of the North and Silesia were jointly to attack from the line of the Saale, and upon the enemy's position along the Partha. Gen. Blucher gave to the Prince Royal of Sweden 30,000 men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, of his army, and, with this formidable re-enforcement, the Northern army was to attack from the heights of Faucha, while Gen. Blucher was to keep his position before Leipsic, and use his utmost efforts to gain possession of the place. In the event of the whole of the enemy's forces being carried against either of the armies, they were reciprocally to support each other, and concert further movements; that part of the enemy's force which for some time had been opposed to the Prince Royal of Sweden and Gen. Blucher, had taken up a good position on the left bank of the Partha, having its right at the strong point of Faucha, and its left towards Leipsic.

To force the enemy's right, and obtain possession of the heights of Faucha, was the first operation of the Prince Royal's army. The corps of Russians under Wittgenstein, and the Prussians under Bulow, were destined for this purpose; and the Swedish army were directed to force the passage of the river at Pleisse and Mockau. The passage was effected

without much opposition. Gen. Winzingerode took about 3,000 prisoners, and some guns, at Faucha. Gen. Blucher put his corps in motion as soon as he found the grand army engaged very hotly in the neighbourhood of the villages of Stollintz and Probestleyda, and the infantry of the Prince Royal's army had not sufficient time to make their flank movement before the enemy's infantry had abandoned the line of the river, and retired over the plain in line and column towards Leipsic, occupying Somerfelt, Paunsdorff, and Schonfelt, in strength, protecting their retreat.

A very heavy cannonade, and some brilliant performances of General Winzingerode's cavalry, marked chiefly here the events of the day, except towards the close, when General Langeron, who had crossed the river, attacked the village of Schonfelt, met with considerable resistance, and at first was not able to force his way. He, however, took it, but was driven back, when the most positive orders were sent him by Gen. Blucher to re-occupy it at the point of the bayonet, which he accomplished before dark. Some Prussian battalions of Gen. Bulow's corps were warmly engaged also at Paunsdorff, and the enemy were retiring from it, when the Prince Royal directed the rocket brigade, under Captain Bogue, to form on the left of a Prussian battery, and open upon the columns retiring. Congreve's formidable weapon had scarcely accomplished the point of paralysing a solid square of infantry, which after one fire delivered themselves up (as if panic struck) when that gallant and deserving officer, Captain Bogue, alike an ornament to his profession and a loss to his friends and country, received a shot in the head, which deprived the army of his services. Lieutenant Strangways, who succeeded in the command of the brigade, received the Prince Royal's thanks for the services they rendered.

During the action, twenty-two guns of Saxon artillery joined us from the enemy, and two Westphalian regiments of hussars, and two battalions of Saxons; the former were opportunely made use of in the instant against the enemy, as our artillery and ammunition were not all forward; and the Prince Royal addressed the latter by an offer, that he would head them immediately against the enemy, which they to a man accepted.

The communication being now established between the grand attacks and that of these two armies, the Grand Duke Constantine, Generals Platoff, Milaradovitch, and other Officers of distinction, joined the Prince Royal, communicating the events going on in that direction. It seems the most desperate resistance was made by the enemy at Probe-

thede, Stellerlitz, and Connevitz, but the different columns bearing on these points, as detailed in my former dispatch, finally carried every thing before them: Gen. Bennigsen taking the villages on the right bank of the Reutschove, having been joined by Gen. Bubna from Dresden, Gen. Tolstoy having come up and relieved the former in the blockade of that city, and Gen. Guilay manœuvring with twenty-five thousand Austrians upon the left bank of the Elster. Gen. Thieleman and Prince Maurice Lichtenstein's corps moved upon the same river, and the result of the day was, that the enemy lost above 40,000 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, sixty-five pieces of cannon, and seventeen battalions of German infantry, with all their Staff and Generals, which came over, *en masse*, during the action. About the close of the day, it was understood the enemy were retiring by Weissenfels and Naumberg; Gen. Blucher received an order from the King of Prussia to detach in that direction. The movement of the Prince Royal's army completely excluded the retreat on Wittenberg, that upon Erfurt has long since been lost to them, the line of the Saale alone remains, and as their flanks and rear will be operated upon during their march, it is difficult to say with what portion of their army they may get to the Rhine.

This morning the town of Leipsic was attacked and taken, after a short resistance, by the armies of Gen. Blucher, the Prince Royal, Gen. Bennigsen, and the grand army. Marshals Marmont and Macdonald commanded in the town; these, with Marshals Augereau and Victor, narrowly escaped. Their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, each heading their respective troops, entered the town at different points, and met in the Great Square. The acclamations and rejoicings of the people are not to be described.

The multiplicity of brilliant atchievements, the impossibility of doing justice to the firmness that has been displayed, the boldness of the conception of the Commander in Chief, Field Marshal the Prince Schwartzenberg, and of the other experienced leaders, together with the shortness of the time allowed me for making up this dispatch, will plead, I hope, a sufficient excuse for my not sending a more perfect detail, which I hope, however, to do hereafter.

I send this dispatch by my Aide-de-Camp, Mr. James, who has been distinguished for his services since he has been with this army: he has also been with me in all the late events, and will be able to give your Lordship all further particulars.

I am, &c. (Signed) CHARLES STEWART.

From the period of this great battle, Bonaparte's influence and authority in Germany passed away—passed from him for ever. The example of Bavaria was followed, in rapid succession, by Saxony, Hesse, Hanover, Baden, Wirtemberg—in short, by the defection of every one of the powers composing the Confederation of the Rhine. They threw off his alliance, like the poisoned shirt of Hercules; shouts of recovered freedom rang out from one extremity of Germany to the other—not the hollow and hypocritical exclamations which his accursed tyranny has been wont to extort from its mournful victims, but the healthy and irrepressible raptures which burst from the bosoms of men restored to liberty.

After the Battle of Leipsic, the French continued their retreat, and were most severely harassed on their march. The remainder of their army, together with the troops which had joined during the retreat, amounted to nearly 70,000 men. At Hanau, where General Wrede was posted with 30,000 Austrians and Bavarians, a severe engagement took place, on the 30th of October, in which the French were defeated with the loss of 15,000 men, in killed and wounded, and 15,000 prisoners. On this occasion, the brave General Wrede received a very severe wound.

Bonaparte continued his flight. He was at Frankfort on the 31st, and at Mentz on the 2d of November, on the French side of the Rhine, having fled nearly three hundred miles in thirteen days.

On the 14th of November, General Gouvion St. Cyr, and the French garrison at Dresden, consisting of nearly 16,000 men, after ineffectually attempting to obtain a capitulation, surrendered as prisoners of war to General Kleinau, commanding the allied forces before the place.

Holland next threw off the yoke of the Tyrant. On the 15th of November, the people of Amsterdam rose in a body, proclaiming the House of Orange, with the old cry of *Orange Boven!* and universally putting up the Orange colours. This example was immediately followed by the other towns of the provinces of Holland and Utrecht, as, Haarlem, Leyden, Utrecht, the Hague, Rotterdam, &c. The French authorities were dismissed, and a temporary Government established and proclaimed, in the name of the Prince of Orange, composed of the most respectable members of the old Government, and chiefly of those not employed under the French. The Baron Perponcher, and Mr. James Fagel, arrived in London on the 21st, with a message to his Serene Highness the Prince of Orange, informing him of the great events that had taken place, and

inviting him over to Holland immediately. His Serene Highness joyfully met the wishes of the Dutch people, and embarked at Deal on the 25th, in the Warrior of 74 guns, and landed at the Hague on the 30th, where he received a hearty welcome.

The Allies, after a series of glorious battles, and most harassing marches, were obliged to take a short repose. The pursuit of Bonaparte, therefore, terminated at Frankfort, where the Allies halted a while from their fatigues, and concentrated their forces, preparatory to an invasion of the French territory. In the mean time, the enemy blew up several of the bridges on the Rhine, in order to retard the advance of the Allies, against whom they could now make but a feeble resistance.

Every preparation being completed, and the troops well recovered from their late fatigues, the Allied Sovereigns again offered peace to Bonaparte, on terms which, it was imagined, would ensure the welfare of Europe, and prevent the further waste of human life. This offer, happily for the world, the haughty Tyrant thought proper to reject, and resolved still to try his fortune in the field. In order to rouse the French people to a more vigorous resistance than he had good reason to believe they would make against the invaders, Bonaparte had recourse to every stratagem. The views of the Allies, therefore, who were now about to deliver France from his odious yoke, were carefully misrepresented; and the alarm was heightened by the most terrific descriptions of the fierceness of the Cossacs.

On the 3d of December, the allied troops passed the Rhine, at the same moment, at Oppenheim, Manheim, and another point farther up the river, without much opposition, and soon after entered Swisserland, Alsace, Brabant, &c. At length, they penetrated into the very heart of France, beating the enemy in almost every engagement. When drawing near to Paris, peace was again offered to Bonaparte. Lord Castlereagh set off from London, to negociate on the part of Great Britain, and the different Plenipotentiaries met at Chatillon. After a great many conferences, it was found impossible to obtain peace from the Tyrant on proper terms, and the negociations were broken off.

On this occasion, the Commander in Chief of the Allies, Prince Schwartzenberg, addressed the army in the following manner:—

"Soldiers!—The High Allied Powers have again had their hopes frustrated: all efforts tending to the restoration of peace *have been unavailing*; neither your victories, nor the destruc-

tion of whole armies, nor the calamities inseparable from war, which for the last three months have pressed heavily on the most flourishing provinces of France—nothing, in short, could inspire the French Government with sentiments of moderation and equity.

"The negociations at Chatillon are broken off—you have annihilated, in a single campaign, that domination which an abuse of power and of physical force had arrogated over foreign countries. At this moment, you occupy the half of the French empire; nevertheless, the hope of conquest still guides the determination of its Government; it is not satisfied with securing to France her independence, her liberty, and repose, but wishes to preserve, by the nature and extent of the limits of its empire, its fatal influence over the different states of Europe, and the means of disturbing at its pleasure the general tranquillity.

"Soldiers!—You will not lay down your arms till you have secured to nations that independence which they must regard as the most valuable of all blessings.

"May France be free and happy! But let us not permit her to be so at the expense of so many other states, which have the same title to happiness and liberty.

"Conquerors at Culm, Leipsic, Hanau, and Brienne, it is upon you that all eyes are fixed; the fate of Europe is in your hands. We approach the closing scene: yet a few moments, and the world will owe to you its safety.

"Soldiers!—Forget not, at this decisive hour, that you have no other enemies to combat but those whom you meet on the field of honour. Do not aggravate the calamities of war to a brave and estimable nation, which participates in your wishes. Let us do justice to the majority of the French people, and let us not accuse them of calamities which can only be attributed to the unmeasured ambition of their Government."

After this period, the Allies used every exertion to get forward to Paris, conscious that the principal resources of the Usurper lay there, and convinced also that "the majority of the French people" were anxious to be relieved from the miserable tyranny under which they had so long groaned. Many brilliant successes distinguished the advance of the Allies. By a masterly manœuvre, Bonaparte, with the principal strength of the French army, was placed far in the rear of the main body of the allies, while a small part of their force was employed in watching his movements.

The united army of Prince Schwartzenberg and Marshal Blucher passed the Marne on the 28th and 29th of March,

1814, at Triport and Meaux, and, after continual skirmishing, gained the Heights of Belleville, above Paris, on the 30th. Here that decisive conflict took place, which ended in the total defeat of the French, and placed Paris in the hands of the Allies. The following is Sir Charles Stewart's account of that memorable event, as transmitted to the Foreign Office, London:—

Heights of Belleville, March 30, 1814.

My Lord—After a brilliant victory, God has placed the Capital of the French Empire in the hands of the Allied Sovereigns, a just retribution for the miseries inflicted on Moscow, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, and Lisbon, by the Desolator of Europe.

I must very imperfectly detail the events of this glorious day at such a moment as the present, and therefore throw myself on your Lordship's indulgence.

The enemy's army, under the command of Joseph Bonaparte, aided by Marshals Mortier and Marmont, occupied with their right the heights of Fontenoy, Romainville, and Belleville; their left was on Montmartre, and they had several redoubts in the centre, and on the whole line an immense artillery of above one hundred and fifty pieces.

In order to attack this position, the Silesian army was directed on Montmartre, St. Denis, and the village of La Valette and Pantin, while the grand army attacked the enemy's right on the heights before alluded to at Romainville and Belleville. Marshal Blucher made his own dispositions for his attack.

The 6th corps, under General Reiffsky, moved from Bondy in three columns of attack, supported by the guards and reserves, and, leaving the great route of Meaux, attacked the heights of Romainville and Belleville. These are very commanding, as well as Montmartre, the ground between being covered with villages and country seats, and the possession of them commands Paris and the whole country round. Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg's divisions of the 6th corps commenced the attack, and with the greatest spirit endured for a long period a very galling fire of artillery, being supported by the reserves of grenadiers. His Serene Highness, after some loss, carried the heights of Romainville, the enemy retiring to those of Belleville behind them. The 4th corps supported this attack more to the left, and was directed on the heights of Rosny, and on Charenton, by their gallant commander, the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg. The 3d corps of the army was placed in *echelon* near Neuilly, in reserve, as well as the cavalry.

The attack of the grand army had commenced some short time before that of the Silesian, delayed by some accident; but it was not long before Generals D'Yorck and Kleist debouched near St. Denis on Aubeville, and here and at Pantin a very obstinate resistance was made. His Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia, with his brigade, together with the Prussian guards, were much distinguished. The enemy's cavalry attempted to charge, but were brilliantly repulsed by the Brandenburg and black hussar regiments. A strong redoubt and battery of the enemy's in the centre, kept General D'Yorck's corps in check for some part of the day, but the enemy's right flank being gained by the heights of Romainville, as well as their loss in every part of the field, and finally, their complete discomfiture on all sides, reduced them to the necessity of sending a flag of truce to demand a cessation of hostilities, they giving up all the ground without the barrier of Paris, until further arrangements could be made.

The heights of Montmartre were to be placed, by the generosity of a beaten enemy, in our possession, (Romainville and Bellville) being carried at the moment when Count Langeron's corps was about to storm them, and had already taken possession of the rest of the hill.

Count Woronzow's division also carried the village of La Villette, charging with two battalions of chasseurs, and possessing themselves of twelve pieces of cannon, were also stopped near the barrier of Paris by the flag of truce.

However, his Imperial Majesty, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzenberg, with that humanity which must excite the applause, while it calls for the admiration of Europe, acceded to entertaining a proposition to prevent the capital from being sacked and destroyed. Count Par, Aide-de-Camp to the Prince Field Marshal, and Colonel Orloff, Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty the Emperor, were sent to arrange the cessation of hostilities; and Count Nesselrode, his Imperial Majesty's Minister, went in at four o'clock this evening, when the battle ceased, to Paris.

Numerous pieces of artillery were taken in the field, and a large number of prisoners have fallen into our hands. The number of guns already reported is 69.

Our loss has been something considerable; but we may have the consoling hope, that the brave men who fell will accomplish the work of the downfal of despotism, and rear the standard of renovated Europe under a just equilibrium, and the dominion of its legitimate Sovereigns.

I am, &c. (Signed) C. Stewart.

Paris, April 1, 1814.

My Lord—I feel it impossible to convey to your Lordship an accurate idea, or a just description, of the scene that presented itself yesterday in this capital, when his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzenberg, made their entry at the head of the allied troops. The enthusiasm and exultation that was exhibited, must have very far exceeded what the most sanguine and devoted friend of the ancient dynasty of France could have pictured to his own mind; and those who are less personally interested, but equally ardent in that cause, could no longer hesitate in pronouncing that the restoration of their legitimate King, the downfal of Bonaparte, and the desire of peace, have become the first and dearest wishes of the Parisians.

The cavalry, under his Imperial Highness the Grand Arch Duke Constantine, and the Guards of all the different allied forces, were formed in columns early in the morning, on the road from Bondy to Paris. The Emperor of Russia, with all his Staff, his Generals and their suites present, proceeded to Pantin, where the King of Prussia joined him with a similar cortege. These Sovereigns, surrounded with all the Princes in the army, together with the Prince Field Marshal, and the Austrian Etat-Major, passed through the Fauxbourg St. Martin, and entered the barrier of Paris about eleven o'clock, the Cossacs of the Guard forming the advance of the march. Already was the crowd so enormous, as well as the acclamations so great, that it was difficult to move forward, but before the Monarchs reached the Porte de St. Martin, to turn on the Boulevards, there was no possibility of proceeding, all Paris seemed to be assembled and concentrated in one spot; one animus or spring evidently directed all their movements; they thronged in such masses round the Emperor and the King, that with all their condescending and gracious familiarity, extending their hands on all sides, it was in vain to attempt to satisfy the populace. They were positively eaten up amidst the cries of "Vive l'Empereur Alexandre," "Vive le Roi de Prusse," "Vivent nos liberateurs;" nor did the air alone resound with these peals, for, with louder acclamations, if possible, they were mingled with those of "Vive le Roi," "Vive Louis XVIII," "Vivent les Bourbons," "A bas le Tyran." The white cockade appeared very generally; many of the national guards, whom I saw, wore them. The clamorous applause of the multitude was seconded by a similar demonstration from all the houses along the line to the Champs Elisens, and handkerchiefs, as well as the fair hands that waved them,

seemed in continued requisition. In short, my Lord, to have an idea of such a manifestation of electric feeling as Paris displayed, it must have been witnessed—my humble description cannot make you conceive it. The Sovereigns halted in the Champs Elisees, where the troops defiled before them in the most admirable order, and the head quarters were established at Paris.

I am, &c. (Signed) C. STEWART.

No sooner had the Allies taken possession of Paris, than the Senate immediately dethroned Bonaparte, offering him, at the same time, a retreat in the Island of Elba, with a considerable pension, which offer he accepted, and was allowed some time to prepare for his journey. A Provisional Government was formed, Deputies were sent to London to solicit Louis the XVIIIth to proceed to France without delay, to occupy the throne of his ancestors, and hostilities ceased by sea and land.

In taking a view of the closing scene of this most arduous and dreadful struggle, every mind must contemplate with admiration the noble and exalted part which Great Britain has acted throughout the lengthened contest, "and the dignified attitude which, in the good and evil fortune of Europe, she has always maintained. In adversity, steady and unrepining; in prosperity, liberal and considerate; she has been the sheet-anchor of the good cuuse which has at length prevailed—the refuge of the humbled great—the bulwark on which usurpation could make no impression. Strong in her munition of rocks, she has stood grave, though fearless, in the darkest day of the perilous storm." Her invincible Navy has swept every hostile flag from the face of the ocean, till at length not an enemy appears; and her victorious Army, led by her darling hero, WELLINGTON, has performed prodigies of valour which astonished the world. This renowned son of Erin, now elevated to the rank of a Duke, was the first who checked the wicked career of Bonaparte, and at length made his legions flee in disgrace from the countries they had so long oppressed. The generosity of Britain, in rewarding the merits of the brave, has ever been conspicuous; and the illustrious Wellington, with the universal approbation of his country, has been loaded with honours. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on the glorious termination of the campaign in France, granted him the dignities of Duke and Marquess of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by the titles of Marquess Douro and Duke of Wellington; and Parliament unanimously voted, that an income

of about £.20,000 a year should be attached to the Dukedom. Lord Liverpool, on proposing a motion in the House of Peers to that effect, said, "He could not let pass an opportunity so signal, which must call to the recollection of the House the important services rendered to the country and the world by the valour, the skill, and the perseverance of that illustrious Nobleman, which had conferred so much renown on the British name, producing so many astonishing results, unparalleled in the history of nations within so short a period, and contributing so eminently not only to the safety and welfare of his country, but tending so decidedly to the pacification, security, and independence of Europe. It was not many years since this country was told, that her pretensions to military renown had almost vanished, except on one element; and that in her navy alone was she able to sustain her military character; that she was no longer possessed of that eminent glory in the field, which distinguished her in the day of the great Marlborough, when Louis XIV threatened not only the security of England, but that of Europe, and won more enemies by the insolence of his power, than friends by all the influence of his greatness; but she had not then such an enemy to oppose as Bonaparte, aided not only by the powers of France, but by the alliance and subsidiary force of all the continental nations of Europe. Provinces were then indeed conquered, and cities taken and sacked, but empires were not overturned as in our day, when all the kingdoms of Europe were not only overturned but almost *absorbed* in the common vortex of the French Empire—until this Great and Illustrious Commander arose, at once the ornament and protector of his country, the champion, the refuge and example of humbled Europe, which, so lately as four short years since, was subjugated and at the feet of France, without a hope or refuge but in Great Britain, in Cadiz, and within the lines of Torres Vedras. From that time till this, the skill by which the Duke of Wellington formed and combined the armies of Spain and Portugal, with the operations of the British forces, and the brilliant career of victories to which he successively led them, by the example of his own valour, and the guidance of his consummate skill—terminated in the happy results which have since succeeded. He never fought a battle he did not win, nor besieged a fortress he did not take; and, having finally cleared Portugal and Spain of the French armies, he crossed the Pyrenees, and had the honour of planting the British Standard upon the walls and turrets of Bourdeaux and Toulouse—giving that example to all the other nations of Europe which roused

them to valour, and crowned the defeat of the common enemy."

Bonaparte, having completed the preparations for his journey, set off from Fountainbleau on the 21st of April, at eleven in the forenoon, followed by fourteen carriages. His escort employed sixty post-horses. The four Commissioners of the Allied Powers, who accompanied him, were M. Souwatow, the Prussian General Kolbere, a British General, and an Austrian General. Four officers of his household formed part of his suite. Few of the military departed with him, and even those who did are expected to return. During the journey, Bonaparte was frequently much alarmed at the different scenes which the just indignation of the inhabitants of the South had caused him to experience in several places. On quitting Orgon, where he considered himself as lost, he took the resolution of changing his carriage, his name, and his dress, in order to escape the danger which became every moment more menacing. He hastily gained the port of Frejus, where he arrived in the dress of an Austrian Officer, enveloped in a Russian pelisse, and on his head a Prussian cap, ornamented with a large white cockade. In this strange accoutrement, it was impossible to discover him. Besides this, he had a long white beard, his eyes sunk, and a disturbed air. He was himself anxious to depart; he wished to make but one leap from the carriage to the frigate which was to transport him to the Isle of Elba. He finally embarked at Saint Rapheau; but it is understood that the inhabitants of the Isle of Elba are not very eager to receive him. It is said, that considerable fermentation prevails in the island upon the subject. The inhabitants still recollect, that they were the first islanders on the coast of Italy invaded by Bonaparte, and are unconscious of having given a reason for this unjust aggression.

The following are nearly the words which Bonaparte addressed, on setting off, to the officers and subalterns of the Old Guard, who were still with him:—

"I bid yon farewel. During the twenty years that we have acted together, I have been satisfied with you. I have always found you in the path of glory. All the powers of Europe have armed against me—a part of my Generals have betrayed their duty; France herself has betrayed it.

"With your assistance, and that of the brave men who remained faithful to me, I have for three years preserved France from civil war.

"Be faithful to the new King whom France has chosen;

be obedient to your Commanders, and do not abandon your dear country, which too long has suffered.

"Pity not my fate; I shall be happy when I know that you are so likewise.

"I might have died; nothing would have been more easy for me; but I still wish to pursue the path of glory. What we have done I will write.

"I cannot embrace you all; but I will embrace your General—Come, General. (He embraced him.)

"Let the Eagle be brought to me, that I may also embrace it. (On embracing it, he said) Ah! dear Eagle, may the kisses which I bestow on you resound to posterity!—Adieu, my children! Adieu, my brave companions! Once more encompass me."

Then the Staff, always accompanied by the four Commissioners of the Allied Powers, formed a circle round him.

Bonaparte now got into the carriage. At that moment he could not hide his confusion, and dropped some tears. In going, he called for Constant, his first valet-de-chambre; but the latter, through indisposition, was unable to accompany him.

The following account of Porto Ferrajo and the Island of Elba, which is in future to be the residence of Bonaparte, was drawn up at the period of the possession of it by the French, by an able and accurate observer. It is extracted from the *Annual Register*, 1803:—

"Porto Ferrajo, in the Island of Elba, was little known, and little considered, while the Island belonged to Tuscany, and before the French Republic had become so formidable.

"The British sent a handful of troops to re-enforce the garrison of natives, and, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Airey, they effectually resisted the great efforts the French made to take it. At the peace of Amiens it was stipulated, that the British troops should evacuate the Island and restore it to the King of Etruria. In consequence of the treaty, the British did evacuate it, but in a few days afterwards it was occupied by the French, Bonaparte having exchanged it for a small and insignificant consideration. Certainly this was not in the terms, nor in the spirit of the treaty. A place of such vast importance, it was understood, was to be placed neither in the hands of Great Britain nor France, but in those of a state whose power in the Mediterranean was of no weight.

"The port is capable of containing the largest fleets; and *it has an advantage* over that of Malta, as ships can get out

more easily. It is impossible to get out of Malta with a N.E. wind, if it blow fresh.

"The grand fleet of Mediterranean France might be stationed here, it is thought. It perfectly commands the coast of Italy. Its position is central in the Mediterranean, and is well situated for embarking troops for Candia, or an invasion of Turkey. Candia is always made by ships sailing for Egypt.

"The French being possessed of Elba, have no occasion to occupy Malta, which will be placed in hands so as to exclude the British from the Mediterranean. By this step of the French, Malta becomes absolutely necessary to Great Britain, or we can have no communication with any country east of Sicily.

"Elba is so near the coast of Italy, that its garrison can, in spite of a blockading fleet, be always supplied with provisions, and the garrison with re-enforcements.

"It was esteemed impregnable, and is now becoming more strong by the works the French are erecting. Indeed, a fort was necessary to be erected on the land opposite the town, to secure the fleet at anchor in the port. The number of its inhabitants is so small, that the garrison will be in no danger from an insurrection, as was the case at Malta.

"In fine, it is a port in every respect possessing the greatest advantages to the French; and, in time of war, of the most alarming nature to her enemies. It is conveniently situated, to be a magazine of naval stores, which may be obtained from the Adriatic, the Archipelago, the Black Sea, &c. It will be a most dangerous situation for privateers, as well as a fleet. The British trade to Italy and to the Levant will be wholly at the mercy of France."

The King of France embarked at Dover about one o'clock on Sunday the 24th of April, and reached Calais between four and five. As the Royal Sovereign passed the pier-head, a salute was fired from the batteries, and the Prince Regent of Great Britain, accompanied by all ranks of his Majesty's subjects, cheered her in passing. The town of Dover was illuminated at night; every demonstration of joy was exhibited by the people, and such a day was never witnessed there by any person now living: it is supposed only to have been equalled on the day Charles II. landed from Holland.

The following is an accurate report of the conversation which took place between the Prince Regent and the King of France, previous to the departure of the latter:—

Prince Regent.—"Your Majesty will permit me to offer you my heartiest congratulations upon that great event which

has always been amongst the warmest of my wishes, and which must eminently contribute to the happiness not only of your Majesty's people, but to the repose and happiness of all other nations. I am sure I may add, that my own sentiments and feelings are in unison with those of the universal British nation, and that the triumph and transport with which your Majesty will be received in your own capital, can scarcely exceed the joy and satisfaction which your Majesty's restoration to the Throne of your Ancestors has created in the capital of the British Empire."

King of France.—"Your Royal Highness will accept my most sincere and grateful thanks for your Royal Highness's congratulations—for the invariable kindness with which I have been treated by your Royal Highness, and by every Member of your illustrious House. It is to your Royal Highness's Councils—to this great Country, and to the constancy of its people, that I shall always ascribe, under Providence, the restoration of our House to the Throne of our Ancestors, and that state of affairs which promises to heal the wounds, to calm the passions, and to restore the peace, tranquillity, and prosperity of all nations."

Prince Regent.—"Your Majesty views my conduct with too partial an eye. I can claim no merit but the performance of a duty to which inclination and every consideration prompted me; and surely your Majesty will allow that the performance of it has been well awarded by those events which call forth our present congratulations. May your Majesty long reign in peace, happiness, and honour!"

King of France.—"Your Royal Highness must allow me to add, that I have but feebly expressed all the grateful feelings of my heart—feelings which I shall retain to the last moment of my life, for the unabated kindness and the generous protection with which your Royal Highness and your noble Nation have honoured me and all the Members of my House, and all those loyal men attached to it, during our residence in this great and happy country.—May its greatness and happiness be eternal!"

On the 3d of May, the French King entered his capital in great pomp, and was received with the most enthusiastic joy. All eyes were turned on the King. The Monarch, in a blue uniform, with the epaulets of a General, was in an open carriage, drawn by eight beautiful white horses, presented to his Majesty by the Prince Regent of Britain—their heads adorned with white plumes. On the left of the King was the daughter of Louis XVI. dressed in white, with a plume of white feathers on her head, and her veil thrown back;

M. Count d'Artois and his son, the Duke de Berri, were on horseback, on each side of the carriage. It is impossible to describe the universal enthusiasm and gladness—every voice exclaimed *Vive le Roi! Vive Madame! Vivent nos Princes! Vivent les Bourbons!*

The French Generals all adhered to the new order of things, and vied with each other in expressions of attachment to the restored Monarch.

Davoust, who still occupied Hamburgh, at length signified his assent to transfer his services from his old master, and to evacuate that city, so that its unfortunate inhabitants are once more freed from oppression.

Among the many distinguished characters who now visited Paris, in order to pay their respects to the French King, was the Hero of Britain, Wellington. His Grace arrived in the capital on the 4th of May, and in the evening was present at a grand ball given by Sir Charles Stewart. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which his Grace was received. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Prussia and France, were present, and about 700 persons of the first distinction. Every one else, however, seemed to be an object of inferior curiosity. The dancing ceased, as if by common consent, when the Duke entered. All the company squeezed after him into every room. Marshals Blucher and Platow laid hold of his arm, and walked with him for hours. They, and every other General besides, exclaimed, "Here is the First Captain of the Age"—"Here is the man that set the whole machine in motion." All the French Marshals pressed about him, with marks of the highest admiration and respect.—What a triumph for the Duke! What a tribute to Great Britain!

We shall conclude this little Narrative with the following Historical Character of Bonaparte, by Charles Phillips, Esq. —for the beauty of its style it cannot be surpassed:—

He is fallen!—We may now pause before that splendid prodigy which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive; a will, despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition, and a con-

science pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life, in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny.

He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition—and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the Throne and the Tribune he reared the Tower of his Despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended Patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus,* he grasped, without remorse, and wore, without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, Crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that were venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the operations of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendant; decision flushed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their developement, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine

* In this hypocritical cant after Liberty, in the commencement of the Revolution, he assumed the name of Brutus!—*Prob Pudor!*

rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity.

The whole Continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance, Romance assumed the air of History; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a Subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; Kings were his people, Nations were his out-posts, and he disposed of Courts, and Crowns, and Camps, and Churches, and Cabinets, as if they were the titulary dignitaries of the Chess-Board!

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room; with the mob or levee; wearing the Jacobin Bonnet or the Iron Crown; banishing a Braganza or espousing a Lorrain; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic; he was still the same Military Despot.

Cradled in the camp, he was, to the last hour, the darling of the army. Of all his soldiers, not one forsook him till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well, that if he was too lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe.

In this wonderful combination, his affectation of Literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the Press, he affected the patronage of Letters—the proscriber of Books, he encouraged Philosophy; the persecutor of Authors, and the murderer of Printers, he yet pretended to the protection of Learning! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the Philosopher of Britain†

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist, a Republican, and an Emperor; a

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† Sir Humphrey Davy was transmitted the first Prize of the Academy of Sciences.

Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue; a Subaltern and a Sovereign; a Traitor and a Tyrant; a Christian and an Infidel; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first (and, it is to be hoped, the last) Emperor of the French.

Sligo, 18*th April*, 1814.

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